

# THE LITERARY JOURNAL, AND WEEKLY REGISTER OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

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NO. 2.

## Tales and Miscellanies.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

### THE SYRIAN LADY.

A SKETCH OF THE CRUSADES.

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With Angels shared, by Allah given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.  
Devotion waits the mind above,  
But heaven itself descends in love.—THE GIAOUR.

There is something in the approach of spring, in the budding of the young leaves, the freshness of the genial atmosphere, the songs of the small birds, the increasing warmth and lustre of the sun,—as contrasted with the gloomy winter which has just departed,—that cannot fail to awaken ideas of a gay and lively character in all hearts, accessible to the influences of gratitude and love. In compliance as it were with this feeling, a custom has more or less generally prevailed among all nations, and in all ages, of celebrating the arrival of this season by merriment, and song, and rural triumph. Like many other admirable practices of olden time, the setting apart to joy and innocent festivity of the first of May, is now gradually falling into neglect; but at the period of which we are about to treat, not Christmas itself could be observed with more reverential care, than its inviting rival. On Mayday, the evergreens which had decked the cottage and the church, the castle and the cloister, gave way to garlands of such flowers as the mellowing influences of the season had already called into their existence of beauty and perfume;—troops of morris-dancers paraded the public ways with their fantastic dresses, glittering blades, and intricate evolutions;—feasting and wassail, without which even pleasure itself was then deemed incomplete, prevailed on every side;—in the crowded city, or in the secluded valley;—in the hut of the serf, or in the turretted keep of his warlike lord;—in the gloom of the convent, or in the glitter of the court, the same feelings were excited, the same animation glowed in every countenance, the same demonstrations of joy hailed the glad harbinger of sunshine and of summer.

In England, above all other lands—the merry England of antiquity!—was this pleasing festival peculiarly dear to all classes of society; at all times a period eagerly anticipated, and rapturously enjoyed, never perhaps was its arrival celebrated by all men with wilder revelry, with more enthusiastic happiness, than on the year which had liberated their lion-hearted monarch from the chains of perfidious Austria. It seemed to the whole nation as though, not only the actual winter of the year, with its dark accompaniments of snow and storm, but the yet more oppressive winter of anarchy and misrule, of usurpation and tyranny, were about to pass away from the people, which had so long groined under the gripping sway of the bad John, or been torn by the savage strife of his mercenary barons; while their legitimate and honored sovereign was dragging his dreary hours along in the dungeon, from which he had but now escaped, through the devoted fidelity, and unrivalled art, of the minstrel Blondel.

Now, however, their king was on the throne of his fathers, girt with a circle of those gallant spirits, who had shed their blood like water on the thirsty deserts of Syria; earning not only earthly honor and renown, but—as their imperfect faith had taught them to believe—the far more lofty guerdon of eternal life. Now their national festival had returned—they were called upon by the thousand voices of nature to give the rein to pleasure, and why should they turn a deaf ear to her inspiring call?

The streets of London—widely different indeed from the vast wilderness of walls, which has risen like a phoenix from the ashes of its predecessor, but even at that early age a vast and flourishing town—were thronged, from the earliest dawn, by a constant succession of smiling faces! old and young;—men and maidens;—grave citizens and stern soldiers;—all yielding to the excitement of the moment, all hurrying from the intricate lanes of the city to greet their king; who had announced his intention of holding a court at Westminster, and proceeding thence at high noon, to feast with the city dignitaries in Guildhall. The open stalls, which then occupied the place of shops, were adorned by a display of their richest wares, decorated with wreaths of a thousand bright colors;—steel harness from the forges of Milan,—rich velvets from the looms of Genoa,—drinking cups and ewers of embossed gold, glittered in every booth. The projecting galleries, which thrust forward their irregular gables far across the narrow streets, were hung with tapestries of price; while garlands of flowers stretched from side to side, and the profusion of hawthorn boughs,—with

their light green leaves and snowy blossoms,—lent a sylvan appearance to the crowded haunts of the metropolis. From space to space the streets were guarded by the city watch in their white cassocks, and glittering head-pieces; while ever and anon the train of some great lord came winding its way—with led horses in costly caparison, squires and pages in the most gorgeous fashion of the day, the banner and the knightly armor of the baron borne before him, from his lodgings in the Minorities, or the more notorious Chepe. The air was literally alive with music and light laughter; even the shaven and cowed monk,—as he threaded his way through the motley concourse,—suffered the gravity of his brow to relax into a smile, when he looked upon the undisguised delight of some fair girl, escorted by her trusty bachelor,—now stopping to gaze on the foreign curiosities displayed in decorated stalls—now starting in affected terror from the tramp and snort of the proud war-horse, or mustering a frown of indignation at the unlicensed salutation of its courtly rider,—now laughing with unsuppressed glee, at the strange antics of the mummers and morrises, who, in every disguise that fancy could suggest, danced and tumbled through the crowded ways,—heedless of the disturbance which they excited, or the danger they incurred from the hoofs of chargers, which were prancing along in constant succession, to display the equestrian graces and firm seat of some young aspirant for the honors of chivalry.

The whole scene was in the highest degree picturesque, and such as no other age of the world could afford. The happiness, which although fleeting and fictitious, threw its bright illumination over the whole multitude, oblivious of the cares, the labors, and the sorrows of to-morrow, affording a subject for the harp of the poet, no less worthy his inspired meditations, than the gorgeous coloring and the rich costume of the middle ages, might lend to the pen of a Leslie or a Newton.

In a chamber overlooking with its Gothic casements this scene of contagious mirth,—alone,—unmoved by the gay hum, which told of happiness in every passing breeze,—borne down, as it would appear, by the weight of some secret calamity,—sat Sir Gilbert Eglington! of glorious form and unblemished fame, the bravest of the brave on the battle plain,—unequaled for wisdom in the hall of council,—he had been among the first of those bold hearts, who had buckled on their knightly armor, to fight the good fight of Christianity;—to rear the cross above the crescent; and to redeem the Saviour's sepulchre from the contaminating sway of the unbeliever.

There was not one among the gallant thousands, who had followed their lion-hearted leader from the green vales of England to the sultry sands of Palestine,—whose high qualities had been more frequently tried, or whose undaunted valor was more generally acknowledged, than the knight of Eglington.—There was not one, to whose lance the chivalrous Richard looked more confidently for support; nor one to whose counsel he more willingly inclined his ear.—In the last desperate effort before the walls of Ascalon, when with thirty knights alone, the English monarch had defied the concentrated powers, and vainly sought an opponent in the ranks of sixty thousand musklemen;—his crest had shone the foremost in those fierce encounters, which have rendered the name of the *Melch Ric* a terror to the tribes of the desert, that has endured even to the present day. It was at the close of this bloody encounter that, conquered by his own previous exertions, rather than by the prowess of his foes,—his armor hacked and rent,—his war-steed slain beneath him,—he had been overwhelmed by numbers while wielding his tremendous blade beside the bridle-rein of his king, and borne away by the Saracens into hopeless captivity.

Days and months rolled onward, and the limbs of the champion were wasted, and his constitution sapped by the vile repose of the dungeon; yet never for an instant had his proud demeanor altered, or his high spirit quailed beneath the prospect of an endless slavery.—All means had been resorted to by his turbaned captors, to induce him to adopt the creed of Mahomet,—threats of torments such as was scarcely endured even by the martyrs of old,—promises of dominion, and wealth, and honor,—the agonies of thirst and hunger,—the allurements of beauty almost superhuman,—had been brought to assail the faith of the despairing but undaunted prisoner; and each temptation had been tried, but to prove how unflinching was his resolution, and how implicit his faith in that Rock of Ages, which he had ever served with enthusiastic, at least, if erring zeal,—and with a fervency of love which no peril could shake, no pleasure could seduce from its serene fidelity.

At length when hope itself was almost dead within his breast; when ransom after ransom had been vainly offered;

when the noblest Moslem captives had been tendered in exchange for his inestimable head; and to crown the whole, when the no longer united powers of the crusading league had departed from the shores on which they had lavished so much of their best blood; his deliverance was accomplished by one of those extraordinary circumstances which the world calls chance, but which the Christian knows how to attribute to the infinite mercies of an overruling Providence.—The eagerness of the politic sultan,—whose name ranks as high among the tribes of Islam, as the glory of his opponents among the pale sons of Europe, to obtain proselytes from the nations,—which he had the sagacity to perceive were no less superior to the wandering hordes of the desert in arts, than in arms,—had led him to break through those laws which are so intimately connected with the religion of Mahomet—the laws of the haram! As the pious faith of the western warrior appeared to gain fresh vigor from every succeeding temptation; so did the anxiety of his conqueror increase, to gain over to his cause a spirit the value of which was daily rendered more and more conspicuous. In order to bring about this end, after every other device had failed, he commanded the admission to the Briton's cell of the fairest maiden of his haram; a maid whose pure and spotless beauty went further to prove her unblemished descent, than even the titles, which were assigned to the youthful Lilla, of almost royal birth.—Dazzled by her charms, and intoxicated by the fascination of her manner, her artless wit, and her delicate timidity, so far removed from the unbridled passion of such other eastern beauties as had visited his solitude,—the Christian soldier betrayed such evident delight in listening to her soft words, and such keen anxiety for a repetition of the interview, that the oriental monarch believed that he had in sooth prevailed. Confidently however as he had calculated on the conversion of the believing husband by the unbelieving wife, the bare possibility of an opposite result had never once occurred to his distorted vision. But truly has it been said "*magna est veritas at pravelebit*." The damsel who had been sent to create emotion in the breast of another, was the first to become its victim herself; she whose tutored tongue was to have won the prisoner from the faith of his fathers, was herself the first to fall away from the creed of her race.—Enamored, beyond the reach of description, of the good knight,—whose attractions of person were no less superior to the boasted beauty of the oriental nobles, than his rich and enthusiastic mind soared above their prejudiced understandings,—she had surrendered her whole soul to a passion as intense as the heat of her native climate; she had lent a willing ear to the fervid eloquence of her beloved, and had drank in fresh passion from the very language, which had won her reason from the debasing superstitions of Islamism, to the bright and everlasting splendors of the Christian faith. From this moment the eastern maid became the bride of his affections,—the solace of his weary hours,—the object of his brightest hopes. He had discovered that she was worthy of his love, he was sure that her whole being was devoted to his welfare, and he struggled no longer against the spirit with which he had battled, as unworthy his country, his name, and his religion. It was not long ere the converted maiden had planned the escape, and actually effected the deliverance of her affianced lover; she had sworn to join him in his flight; she had promised to accompany him to his distant country, and to be the star of his ascendant destinies, as she had been the sole illumination to his hours of desolation and despair. Rescued from his fetters, he had lain in concealment on the rocky shores of the Mediterranean, anxiously awaiting the vessel which was to convey him to the land of his birth, and her whose society alone could render his being supportable. The vessel arrived!—but what was the agony of his soul on learning that she—whom he prized above light, and all save virtue—had fallen a sacrifice to the furious disappointment of her indignant countrymen. Maddened with grief, and careless of an existence which had now become a burthen rather than a treasure, he would have returned to avenge the wrongs of his lost Lilla, and perish on her grave; had not her emissaries,—conscious that in such a case the fate, which had befallen the mistress, must undoubtedly be their's likewise,—compelled him to secure their common safety by flight. After weary wanderings, he had returned a heart-stricken wretch to his native England, at that moment rejoicing with unfeigned delight at the recovery of her heroic king; he sometimes mingled in the labors of the council, or the luxuries of the banquet, but it was evident to all that his mind was far away! that for him there might indeed be the external semblance of joy, but that all within was dark and miserable! it was plain that, in the words of the poet,

"That heavy chill had frozen o'er the fountain of his tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still 'tis where the ice appears."



On this morning of universal joy—to him a period fraught with the gloomiest recollections, for it was the anniversary of that sad day—on which he had parted from the idol of his heart, never to behold her more! On this morning, he had secluded himself from the sight of men; he was alone with his memory! His eyes indeed rested on the letters of an illuminated missal which lay before him; but the long dark lock of silky hair, which was grasped in his feverish hand, showed too plainly that his grief was still of that harrowing and fiery character, which prevents the mind from tasting as yet the consolations of divine truth. He had sat thus for hours, unconscious of the passing multitude, whose every sound was borne to his unheeding ears by the fresh breeze of spring. His courtly robe, and plumed bonnet, his collar, spurs, and sword, lay beside him, arranged for the approaching festival by his officious page; but no effort could have strung his nerves, or hardened his heart, on that day, to bear with the frivolous ceremonies and false glitter of a court. He recked not now, whether his presence would lend a zest to the festival, or whether his absence might be construed into offence! The warrior, the politician, the man—were merged in the lover! Utter despondency had fallen upon his spirit—like the oak of his native forests he was proud and unchanged in appearance, but the worm was busy at his heart. Even tears would have been a relief to the dead weight of despair which had benumbed his very soul; but never, since that fatal hour, had one drop relieved the aching of his brain, or one smile gleamed across his haggard features. Mechanically he fulfilled his part in society; he moved, he spoke, he acted, like his fellow men; but he was now become, from the most ardent and impetuous of his kind, a mere creature of habit and circumstance.

So deeply was he now absorbed in his dark reveries, that the increasing clamor of the multitude had escaped his attention, although the character of the sounds was no longer that of unmingled pleasure. The voices of men, harsh and pitched in an unnatural key, rude oaths, and tumultuous confusion, proclaimed that, if not engaged in actual violence, the mob was at least ripe for mischief. More than once, during the continuance of these turbulent sounds, had the plaintive accents of a female voice been distinctly audible—when on a sudden a shriek arose, of such fearful import, close beneath the casements of the abstracted baron, that it thrilled to his very heart. It seemed to his excited fancy, that the notes of a well remembered voice lent their music to that long-drawn cry; nay, he almost imagined that his own name was indistinctly blended in that yell of fear. With the speed of light he had sprung to his feet, and hurried to the lattice; but twice before he reached it, had the cry been repeated, calling on the name of "Gilbert" with a plaintive energy, that could no longer be mistaken. He gained the embrasure, dashed the trellised blinds apart—and there—struggling in the licentious grasp of the retainers, who ministered to the brutal will of some haughty noble—her raven tresses scattered to the winds of heaven,—her turbaned shawl, and flowing caftan, rent and disordered by the rude hands of lawless violence—he beheld a female form of univalued symmetry, clad in the well remembered garments of the east. Her face was turned from him, and the dark masses of hair, which had escaped from their confinement, entirely concealed her features; still there was an undefined resemblance which acted so keenly upon his feelings, that the thunder of heaven could scarcely burst with a more appalling crash above the heads of the guilty, than did the powerful tones of the crusader as he bade them—"as they valued life, release the damsel!" With a rapid shudder, which ran through every limb at his clear summons, she turned her head. It was! it was his own lost Lilla!—the high and polished brow,—the eyes that rivalled in languor the boasted organs of the wild gazelle,—the rapturous ecstasy that kindled every lineament, as she recognized her lover's form,—

—the voice that clove through all the din,  
As a lute's pierce through the cymbal's clash,  
Jarred, but not drowned, by the loud brattling—

were all! all Lilla's!—To snatch his sword from its scabbard, to vault at a single bound from the lofty casement, to force his way through the disordered press, to level her audacious assailants to the earth, was but a moment's work for the gigantic power of the knight, animated as he now was, by all those feelings which can minister valor to the most timid, and give strength to the feeblest arm! He beheld her whom he had believed to be snatched for ever from his heart! nor could hundreds of mail-clad soldiers have withstood his furious onset! He had already clasped his recovered treasure in one nervous arm, whilst with the other he brandished aloft the trusty blade, which had so often carried havoc and terror to the centre of the Moslem lines; when the multitude enraged at the interference of a stranger with what to them appeared the laudable occupation of persecuting a witch or infidel, seconded by the bold ruffians who had first laid hands upon the lovely foreigner, rushed bodily onward, threatening to overpower all resistance by the weight of numbers! gallantly, however, and at the same time mercifully, did Sir Gilbert Eglinton support his previous reputation; dealing sweeping blows with his huge falchion on every side, yet shunning to use the point or edge, he had cleft his way in safety to the threshold of his own door; yet even then the final issue of the strife was far from certain, for so sudden

had been the exit of the baron, and from so unusual an outlet, that not one of his household were conscious of their lord's absence, and the massy portal was closed against the entrance of the lawful owner. Stones and staves flew thick around him, and so fiercely did the leaders of the furious mob press upon his retreat, that, yielding at length to the dictates of his excited spirit—he dealt the foremost a blow, which would have cloven him to the teeth though he had been fenced in triple steel; thundering at the same time with his booted heel against the oaken leaves of his paternal gate and shouting to page and squire within, till the vaulted passages rang forth in startled echoes. At this critical moment rose the din of martial music, which had long been approaching, though so actively were the rioters engaged in their desperate onset, and so totally engrossed was the baron in the rescue of his recovered bride, that neither party were aware of the gorgeous cavalcade, that was winding its long train towards them, till the leaders were actually on the scene of action!—Of stature almost gigantic, noble features, and kingly bearing,—his garb glittering with gold and jewels, till the dazzled eye could scarcely brook its splendor, backing a steed, which seemed as though its strength and spirit might have borne Goliath to the field, and wielding a blade which no other arm in Christendom could have poised even for a second, the lion-hearted Richard, followed by every noble of his realm, dashed with his native impetuosity into the centre—"Ha! St. George," he shouted in a voice heard clearly above the mingled clang of instruments, and tumult of the conflict,—"Have ye no better way to keep our festival, than thus to take base odds on one? shame on ye! vile recreants! what ho!" he cried as he recognized the person of the knight,—"Our good comrade of Eglinton thus hard bested!—hence to your kennels, ye curs of England—dare ye match yourselves against the Lion and his brood!" Loud rang the acclamations of the throng, accustomed to the blunt boldness of their warrior king, and losing sight of his haughty language, in joy for his return, and admiration of the additional glory which had accrued to the whole nation from the prowess of its champion. "God save thee—gallant lion-heart!—never was so brave a knight!—never so noble a king!" Louder still was the wonder of the monarch and his assembled court, when they learned the strange adventure, which had been brought to so fair a conclusion, by their unexpected succor. The lady threatened with the lasting indignation of the royal Saladin, though never really in danger of life, had devised the false report of her own death; knowing that it were hopeless for her to dream of flight, so long as the eyes of all were concentrated on her in dark and angry suspicion; and knowing also that no dread of instant dissolution, nor hope of liberty could have induced her devoted lover to have quitted the land while she remained in "durance vile."

When the first excitement,—caused by the escape of a prisoner so highly esteemed as was the bold crusader,—had ceased to agitate the Mussulman divan, and affairs had returned to their usual course, easily escaping from the vigilance of the harem guard, she had made good flight to the sea-bathed towers of Venice, and thence to the classic plains of Italy. Then it was, that the loneliness of her situation, the perils, the toils, the miseries which she must necessarily endure, weighed no less heavily on her tender spirits, than the unwonted labor of so toilsome a journey, on her delicate and youthful frame. Ignorant of any European language, save the name of her lover, and the metropolis of his far distant country, her sole reply to every query was, the repetition, in her musical, although imperfect accents, of the words—"London,"—"Gilbert!" Marvellous it is to relate, and were it not in good sooth history, too marvellous!—that her talismanic speech did at length convey her,—through nations hostile to her race,—through the almost uninhabited forest, and across the snowy barrier of the Alps,—through realms laid waste by relentless banditti; and cities teeming with licentious and merciless adventurers,—to the chalky cliffs and verdant meadows of England! For weeks had she wandered through the streets of the vast metropolis, jeered by the cruel, and pitied, but unaided, by the merciful,—tempted by the wicked, and shunned by the virtuous,—repeating ever and anon, her simple exclamation, "Gilbert, Gilbert!"—till her strength was well nigh exhausted, and her spirits were fast sinking into utter despondency and despair. On the morning of the festival she had gone forth, with hopes renewed, when she perceived the concourse of nobles crowding to greet their king,—for she knew her Gilbert to be high in rank and favor,—and fervently did she trust that this day would be the termination of her miseries. Again was she miserably deceived;—so miserably, that perchance—had not the very assault which had threatened her with death or degradation, restored her, as it were by magic to the arms of him, whom she had so tenderly and truly loved—she had sunk that night beneath the pressure of grief and anxiety, too poignant to be long endured. But so it was not ordained by that perfect Providence, which—though it may for a time suffer bold vice to triumph, and humble innocence to mourn—can ever bring real good out of seeming evil; and whose judgments are so inevitably, in the end, judgments of mercy and of truth, that well might the minstrel king declare of old in the inspired language of holy writ, "I have been young, and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." H.

## THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1833.

### PHRENOLOGY.

We were much gratified with the Lecture on Phrenology which was delivered on Saturday evening last, in the Mechanics Hall, by Dr. J. Barber of Cambridge, who visited this city for that purpose, at the invitation of the Franklin Society.

The silent attention with which the crowded and intelligent audience listened for nearly two hours, was a convincing proof of the interest which was excited by the able and accomplished lecturer. His object appeared to be, to prepare the way for a fair and candid examination of the merits of the science, by answering the various objections which have been raised not only against its truth, but against the effects which it has been frequently asserted the general admission of its truths would tend to create. In the discussion of a subject of so vast extent, it was of course impossible for the speaker to do more than glance at the great leading objects which it presents. He happily exposed several popular errors on the subject, and clearly explained what is and what is not taught by Phrenology. The lecture was, as he evidently intended it should be, a rapid and discursive examination of a variety of objections, the consideration of which in detail, would have required much more time than could be devoted to a single lecture. The positions which were taken, were ably sustained, and the views which were advanced, were forcibly and happily illustrated. Whatever difference of opinion may have existed among the audience respecting the merits of the science, we heard but one expression respecting those of the lecturer. We are gratified to learn that arrangements have been made with Dr Barber by the Franklin Society for a course of lectures, to commence on Saturday evening next, provided sufficient encouragement is afforded. We hope and believe that he will meet with a warm and hearty welcome.

### ATHENEUM EXHIBITION.

We invite the attention of our readers to the Exhibition of the plates for Audubon's American Ornithology now open at the Arcade. They are equally a study for the naturalist and the admirer of the arts. A part of the collection was exhibited for a short time during the last season; but owing to the alarm and agitation which then pervaded the public mind, they attracted much less attention than would have been bestowed under more favorable circumstances. Since that time, their number has been much increased by the addition of other specimens, many of them of exceeding beauty. The whole collection, at present contains one hundred and fifty-five plates, each measuring about thirty by forty-two inches, conveniently arranged for examination, in two apartments. Every bird is accurately drawn, of the size of life, in some peculiar and characteristic attitude, and relieved by a background formed of the particular plants or foliage among which it is generally seen, all admirably colored with great truth to nature. The work is all excellent, the drawing and tints of the botanical part are as accurately and carefully finished as the rich and varied plumage of the birds.

The present opportunity is worthy the attention of every parent and instructor, as affording the most ready means of conveying much useful information on a subject which is always interesting to children; but respecting which it is extremely difficult to convey by words or ordinary representations, any correct or adequate conceptions.

We consider this exhibition as a public favor on the part of the proprietors; the low price for admission must prevent the possibility of gain: their sole desire being to raise in this manner, some portion of the sum requisite for the purchase of the entire series, which by its great cost, is placed almost beyond the reach of individual means.

NEW PUBLICATION.—A neatly printed volume has just been published by Messrs. Marshall and Brown, entitled "the Deity of Christ proved, by several hundred texts of Holy Scriptures, collected, compared and arranged in a familiar manner by a Presbyter," &c. This treatise, which first appeared in 1712, is now re-published, with a preface, notes and appendix, by Benjamin Cowell, Esq. of this city. Being



a controversial work on a disputed point of Christian faith, a consideration of the views which it advocates does not fall within the limits which we have been compelled to adopt respecting our remarks on new publications. In regard to such a work, whatever may be the belief which it inculcates, we can therefore speak only in reference to its literary character. The original treatise contains a very extensive collection of the texts and passages which are adduced in support of the belief which it is intended to advocate, arranged with much clearness and perspicuity; and the additions of the editor, which comprise a considerable part of the volume, are ably written, and exhibit the results of much reading and reflection.

**MR HANSEN'S CONCERT.**—The amateurs of music may expect much gratification from the vocal and instrumental Concert which has been announced by Mr E. R. Hansen, to be given on Wednesday evening next, at the hall of the City Hotel. It cannot fail to be highly attractive; as not only the Philharmonic Society, but a number of amateur performers have volunteered their assistance. Mr Hansen is a man of genius, an excellent composer and a first rate performer. His desire to establish himself permanently among us, should be on this occasion, an additional inducement for our citizens to show their estimation of his talents and high qualifications; independently of the gratification which may be expected from an evening's entertainment which will call forth and combine the best musical talent in the city.

For The Literary Journal.

**FOPS.**—The reason why women are generally so much captivated by empty coxcombs, merely because they dress in the extremity of the fashion, seems easily enough accounted for from the analogy that exists throughout all nature's works. You turn a monkey adrift in the streets, and in five minutes he will have fifty boys in chase of him, while a horse may walk about the streets from morning till night, unnoticed and unmolested; though there is no sort of comparison between the two animals. In like manner when an insignificant, ignorant, conceited fop, distinguished by the extravagance of his dress and the absurdity and effeminacy of his manners, enters into society, the women are immediately all in love with the epicene thing, not because their judgment is perverted or their better affections enlisted in its favor, but it is such a wide departure from every thing that is dignified and manly in our sex, and so near an approach to all that is soft and silly in their own, that they cannot help regarding the thing with a sort of amused surprise that keeps them enthralled for a greater or less time, according to the different degrees of good sense and judgment that have been vouchsafed to them. The boys do not pursue the monkey because he possesses any thing like beauty, or grace, or elegance, but because he is a caricature of themselves, in both person and actions. Generally speaking, it may be laid down as a maxim, and we bachelors ought always to comfort ourselves with it, that no woman, whose affections are worth having, whose mind is a shade above idiocy, would marry a fop, a dandy, an exquisite, or whatever may be the present fashionable name of the creature. The gaudy and useless butterfly may flutter about the rose, but it is the bee to whom she yields up her whole sweets.

A. I.

For the Literary Journal.

**MR EDITOR:**—The following is a hastily written answer to a Bible Class Question. If it is worthy your acceptance, it is at your service.

C.

#### IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

"Every rising and setting sun confirms the truth and faithfulness of God, as recorded in the works of Creation: Are not the truths of His Word even more certain and durable than the Material System?"

Mutability and change are broadly stamped upon every thing in this world. "Passing away!" is the voice of Time: and earthly hope, however high and alike in youth, in manhood, and in age takes up the lamentation, and exclaims, "Passing away!" Thus—and how little is it realized—will it ever be, until the past is merged in a boundless future—the ocean of eternity. It is the fiat of the ALMIGHTY: from the sentence, there can be no appeal.

In what strong contrast to the mutability of this world, and

all which appertains to its grandeur and its glory, are the truth and faithfulness of God. Let us suppose a man placed upon that point in the history of the Universe, when its Creator stood and swept it into being, from void chaos. Let him glance down the tide of Time. Thrones of princes have crumbled—princes themselves have fallen—empires have decayed and vanished away—and Oblivion has swept, like a surge which "knows no retiring ebb," over the monuments of those who have filled the world with the renown of their names. Yes! the truth and faithfulness of God are recorded in the works of Creation—and hard must be his heart who has not felt, who does not feel it. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge of God."

While the mutations of man and of the works of man are constant and irresistible, on the works of the Almighty are impressed the marks of omnipotent faithfulness—omnipotent truth. "Let the mad world pass on," the Deity remains unchanged—unchangeable. In all seasons, the reflecting and contemplative mind recognizes and appreciates these characteristics of the Divine Power. The same features of His goodness which kindle the heart, in their acknowledgments spread a charm over the outward and visible world. The same hand which sendeth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes, breathes around us the airs of awakening Nature, when the time of the singing of the birds hath come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, and the earth is clothed with beauty as with a garment.

Even the works of God which are to pass away, what a lesson do they teach of the truth and faithfulness of that Maker, of whom, majestic and noble as they are, they are but faint and feeble emblems! The great and wide sea still heaves its waters to the sounding shore—the mountain still lifts its summit to the clouds—the vales "stretch in pensive quietness between"—the rivers still sweep to the ocean. But, lasting as they may seem to the eye of humanity, they shall be as if they had never been. "Of old, hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands: They shall perish, but Thou remainest; yea, they shall all wax old as doth a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou endurest forever, and Thy faithfulness and truth shall not fail."—Who, then, in anticipation of that day for which all other days are made, when the fires of the resurrection morning shall glimmer upon an awe-stricken world, when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat, but would wish so to live, as to exclaim with the Psalmist, "My soul thirsteth for the mighty and the living God; when shall I come to appear before His presence?"

That the truths of God's Word are more certain and durable than the material system, is evident from the fact, that ages have passed away, and thus far, not a single truth has been shaken. We look at sacred history—at the prophecies of the prophets and the apostles. Have they ever deceived us? Where are the cities whose destruction and ruin were foretold—Nineveh—Babylon—Tyre? The waves of the ocean, as they roll over their ruins, make reply. Where is Jerusalem, over which our Saviour breathed his beautiful and touching prayer?—where the temple, which stood, as a monument of perfection, in the midst? The one has become an heap, and of the other, there is not one stone left upon another. Where are the tribes against whom the denunciations of God were directed? Are they not still scattered? Is not their hand still against every man, and every man's hand against them? God spake all this, and although centuries have elapsed—all has been fulfilled. "He spake, and it was done—He commanded, and it stood fast."

But chiefly are the truth and faithfulness of God realized "by the pure in heart." They draw from nature its brightest blessings—from the revealed Word its greatest enjoyment. It is not every one who admits, what all who reflect must, that Time hath indisputably revealed the truth and faithfulness of God, who realizes them at heart—"inwardly in the spirit." They who can look back to the great offering—to the sacrifice of Him who gave us rest by his sorrow and life by his death—they can appreciate His truth and faithfulness. They feel it, who look back, through a vista of years, to the garden of Gethsemane—to the Lamb of God, in the agony of his spirit, treading the wine-press alone—assaying

in vain to pass the bitter cup which the sins of the world had mingled, although his soul was exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death. They feel it, who, as the mortal begins to put on immortality, as the valley of the shadow of death is entered, can see beyond, the green pastures and still waters of a better land. They realize, in full force and fervor, the truth and faithfulness of God, who, gazing back upon a world imperfect and fading,—upon friends, dear, indeed, but more fleeting still—are enabled to say with the upright man of Uz,—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth,"—and with the apostle "Oh Death, where is thy sting—Oh Grave where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

For the Literary Journal.

#### THE BATTLE FIELD.

The day was done, the battle's scene was o'er;

The sun, that gleamed on shield and sabre bright,

Had set; and all was silent on the moor,

Where late had been the bustle of the fight.

No more were seen the neighing steeds to prance,

The floating banners, and the serried files

Of armed hosts, the plume, the glittering lance,

All gone, save those that lay in slaughter'd piles.

No more was heard the tumult wild and high,

The clashing arms, the drum, the clarion,

The ring of shatter'd helm, the battle cry,

Mingled with shout and shriek and dying groan.

The scene was changed—Night spread her sable pall

O'er bodies, which no other pall would know;

Rider and horse and arms were blended all;

Friend lay by friend, and foe was stretched by foe.

Upon the midnight breeze was borne no sound,

None, save the startling neigh of frantic steed,

Whose reeking side betrayed the smarting wound,

That spurred him on with wild and reckless speed.

And o'er the plain the moon its lustre shed,

Glancing on broken spear and corselet bright;

Displaying now the pale face of the dead

How different in hue from yesternight!

Where now is that wild spirit and that fire,

Which erst was wont to animate this clay?

Where is the eye, lit up with vengeful ire,

That flashed with ardor in the bloody fray?

They listened to Ambition's call—they fell;

They looked for laurels—they have found—a grave;

They sought that Fame's bright list their names should swell;

O'er all save one, has rolled oblivion's wave.

But look—what form is that, so passing fair

That glides like a lorn spectre 'mongst the dead?

Her hair is streaming and her brow is bare—

O, what has she to do in place so dread?

Onward she moves, with hesitating pace,

She pauses where are thickest piled the slain;

And now, with phrenzied eye and pallid face,

She gazes on the dead that strew the plain.

Her lover is not there—a ray of hope

Chases away the gloom of deep despair—

She sinks upon the ground, and offers up

Her marmured thanks upon the midnight air.

But see—her gaze is fixed—a fearful cry

Is heard above that battle-field to swell—

The hand, the very ruby meets her eye,

Which she had looked on oft, had known too well.

With desperate haste and frantic strength, she tore

Off from her lover's form, the ghastly dead;

His face disclosed, a frightful witness bore

That long ere this, the warrior's soul had fled.

The maiden gazed, with pale and bloodless cheek,

Like statue fixed she stood, as void of breath;

And then was heard one wild and piercing shriek,

And knight and maiden both were cold in death.

W. J. P.



## Selections from Foreign Journals.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DEAR SIR.—The following letters explain the purport for which they were written. In themselves they are interesting; and as one is from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, it would be perhaps a selfish injustice to withhold its publication. I would fain think they may be read not without interest, from another cause. They relate to a Picture, painted by poor Bird, R. A., who died when he had just attained that eminence in his profession from which he might have expected to reap a golden harvest; but "aliter visum est." That picture was Chevy Chase; it is in the collection of the Marquis of Stafford, and I believe obtained the prize from the British Institution. It is engraved in mezzotint by Mr Young.—The original sketch in oils was in gratitude presented by the painter to Sir Walter Scott, and is, I presume, now at Abbotsford; and there may it long remain, a memorial of the kindness of that great and excellent man, and of the genius and grateful feelings of the artist. Among the Lives of the Painters, by Allan Cunningham, (notwithstanding I am disposed to find many faults with it) a delightful work, may be found that of poor Bird. I am unwilling to call in question the judgment of so good and amusing a writer; but there are sundry matters in those Lives, upon which I have sometimes intended to offer a few words of remonstrance. His Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds is certainly written with a prejudice; too much hearsay evidence, and that too picked up from servants, is admitted, and inferences of character drawn therefrom. He does not appear to have justly appreciated the mind of that great man, Sir Joshua Reynolds. But the Life of Bird, on whose account these letters were written, gives no idea whatever of the man. I knew him well—perhaps no one better—and from his commencing as an artist, to the day of his death, was in almost daily intercourse with him; and I must say the life of him written by Allan Cunningham, may be as well the life of any one as of my old friend Bird. It is in little, or nothing, correct. There were many friends of the painter who knew him well, and loved him for his many virtues and his genius, to whom it is surprising the author did not apply. Should he meditate another edition, and wish to revise that portion of his valuable work, he may, without difficulty, obtain more correct, as well as more interesting information.

The writer of the Letter to Sir Walter Scott (No. I.) was a very near relative of mine, and that and the Reply (No. II.) came into my possession at his decease in 1812. I need not say I shall carefully preserve the originals.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,  
Dec. 3, 1832.

J. E.

## No. I.

L—n Court, Dec. 3, 1811.

SIR—I am much at a loss how to apologize to you for intruding myself, a perfect stranger, upon your notice; but the truth is, I wish for some information respecting the costume of your countrymen towards the latter end of the 14th century. I know that you are better able to give me this information than any other person, and I throw myself upon your liberality, in the hope that you will waive the ceremony of a formal introduction, and do me the favor to answer my enquiries on the subject. Mr Murray of Fleet Street, who has favored me with your address, will, I have no doubt, make such a report of me, as may in some degree qualify the presumption of this abrupt application. It is but fair to acknowledge that my enquiries have no reference to any undertaking of my own, but are solely intended for the benefit of a very ingenious friend, who has formed the design of a picture, taken from the following stanza of the old ballad of Chevy Chase,

"Next day did many widows come," &c.

Though this ballad is not strictly historical, yet time has given it a sanction almost equal to such authority; and as we are to look to the battle of Otterbourne for many of its events, it assumes a somewhat higher rank than a completely fictitious subject would be permitted to claim. In the action passed on the Borders between the retainers of the great houses of Douglas and Percy, in some degree the manners and dress of the two countries are to be preserved; not only the military, but the common and ordinary habiliments of the higher, middle, and lower classes, of such as might be likely to visit the field the day after the battle, in search of their friends and relatives. I recollect, in the first sketch of this object, the friends of Douglas are bearing his body from the field in a kind of solemn procession, the whole in shadow. The perspective of this retiring train produces a melancholy yet sublime effect. The form of the body is scarcely perceptible; the bearers, and they who precede the corpse, grow indistinct from the increasing distance; and the few who follow appear to have their heads and bodies covered with something like mourning cloaks. This last division of the attendants of the deceased hero, I have taken the liberty to criticise as bearing too near a resemblance to a funeral provided by an undertaker, and may probably introduce ludicrous ideas, where all should be serious and solemn. I rather think this group should principally consist of military persons not completely armed de-

piéd au cap, but rather negligently, as their condition might require under the existing circumstances, but still in such manner as to distinguish them as retainers or friends of the house of Douglas. Having stated thus much of the subject the following questions will naturally arise, to enable the painter to execute his task with fidelity and propriety. Was there any difference in the defensive armour of the contending parties; and if so, in what did it consist? Were the offensive weapons the same? or in what did they differ?—Should the followers of the body of Douglas have their helmets on their heads, or in their hands; and was there any peculiar mode of carrying their arms on such an occasion? Was the plaid in use at this period; and if so, how was it worn? Was there any distinction or difference in dress amongst persons of the higher, middle, or lower ranks, except that of fineness or quality—I mean such as were professedly not military? Suppose Lady Percy should be introduced lamenting over the body of her husband, as she would form part of the principal group, how might she be properly dressed as to color and fashion of her clothes? Was there any prevailing color in the dresses of middle and lower classes? Was the bonnet, or what else, worn on the head at this period, and of what form and color? I take it for granted that the inhabitants of the low country of Scotland differed but little in their dress from the French and English, with whom they had constant intercourse. The armor of the military retainers might be similar likewise, but that the great distinction was the badge or crest of the great leaders which was worn by the common soldiers, either painted or embossed upon their armor before and behind, such as I have observed on the plate of the siege of Boulougne, temp. Hen. VIII., and published by the society of Antiquaries. This seems confirmed by an historical event at a subsequent period. At the battle of Barnett, in 1471, the similarity of a sun and a star on the liveries of Edward and Warwick, produced a mistake fatal to the Lancastrians. I wish my friend had taken the battle of Otterbourne for his subject, in which Douglas was slain, and Hotspur taken prisoner; this would, I think, have given greater variety and interest to the picture; but I do not interpose my fallible judgment to obliterate the impressions which genius may have formed in the mind of the painter, and which a thorough knowledge of his art may enable him to execute beyond my feeble conception. I love the sister arts; and when I am writing to the first Poet of the age, I scarcely know how to restrain my pen from offering that tribute which is due from those who love and honor virtue and genius, to those who possess them.

"O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,  
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!  
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;  
For well I know wherever you reside.  
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide."

I must end, as I began, with an apology for troubling you with this long letter. If you shall think it worth answering, my friend will be proud to benefit by your instructions; if not, I shall at least have made an effort to serve him, extremely gratifying to myself, as it gives me the opportunity of expressing the high respect I feel for your character, and of thanking you for the gratification I have received from the repeated perusal of your charming productions.—Believe me to be, with most sincere respect, and regard,

Sir, your very obedient servant,

T. E.

## No. II.

SIR—I am favored with your letter, and without pretending to touch upon the complimentary part of it, I can only assure you that I am much flattered by your thinking it worth while to appeal to me on a point of national antiquities. I am very partial to Chevy Chase, although perhaps Otterbourne might have afforded a more varied subject for the pencil. But the imagination of the artist being once deeply impressed with a favorite idea, he will be certain to make more of it than of any other that can be suggested to him. In attempting to answer your queries, I hope you will allow for the difficulty in describing what can only be accurately expressed by drawing, &c. &c. I shall at least have one good thick cloak under which to shelter my ignorance. I greatly doubt the propriety of mourning cloaks—but a group of friars might with great propriety be introduced, and their garb would have almost the same effect. I am not aware there was any difference between the defensive armor of the Scots and English, at least as worn by the knights and men-at-arms; yet it would seem that the English armor was more gorgeous and showy: they had crests upon the helmet before they were used in Scotland; and at the battle of Pinkie, Patten expresses his surprise at the plainness of the Scottish nobility's armor. I conceive something like this may be gained by looking at Grose's ancient armor, and selecting the more elaborate forms for the English—the plate-armor for example; while the Scots might be supposed to have longer retained the ring or mail-armor. There should not be a strict discrimination in this respect, but only the painter may have this circumstance in his recollection. There are at Newbattle two very old pictures on wood, said to be heroes of the Douglas family, and one of them averred to be the chief of Otterbourne. The dress is very singular—a sort of loose

buff jerkin, with sleeves enveloping the whole person up to the throat, very curiously slashed and pinked, and covering apparently a coat of mail. The figure has his hand on his dagger, a black bonnet with a feather on his head, a very commanding cast of features, and a beard of great length. The pictures certainly are extremely ancient, and belong to the Douglas family.

Query 2. The knights and men-at-arms on each side wore the sword and lance, but the English infantry were armed with bows—the Scots with long spears, mallets, and two-handed swords; battle-axes of various forms were in great use among the Scots. The English also retained the brown bill, so formidable at the battle of Hastings; a weapon very picturesque, because affording a great variety of forms, for which, as well as for the defensive armor worn by the infantry of the period, see Grose, and the prints to Johnes's Froissart.

Query 3. Those of the followers of Douglas that are knights and men-at-arms, may have their helmet at the saddle-bow, or borne by their pages—in no case in their hands. The infantry may wear their steel-caps or morions; the target or buckler of the archers, when not in use, was slung at their back like those of the Highlanders in 1745. I am not aware there was any particular mode of carrying their arms at funerals, but they would naturally point them downwards with an air of depression.

Query 4. The plaid never was in use among the Borderers, i. e. the Highland or tartan plaid; but there was, and is still used, a plaid with a small cheque of black and grey, which we call a *maud*, and which, I believe, was very ancient; it is the constant dress of a shepherd, worn over one shoulder, and then drawn round the person, leaving one arm free.

Query 5. In peace, the nobility and gentry wore cloaks, or robes richly furred, over their close doublets. The inferior ranks seem to have worn the doublet only; look at Johnes's Froissart, which I think you may also consult for the fashion of Lady Percy's garments. Stoddart some years ago painted a picture of Chaucer's Pilgrims, which displayed much knowledge of costume.

Query 6. I am not aware there was any prevailing color among the peasantry of each nation; the silvan green will of course predominate among Percy's bowmen.

Query 7. The bonnet, the shape of that of Henry VIII. (but of various colors), was the universal covering in this age. The following points of costume occur to my recollection in a border ballad, (modern, but in which most particulars are taken from tradition.) Scott of Harden, an ancient marauding borderer, is described thus;

"His cloak was of the forest green.  
Wi' buttons like the moon;  
His trews were of the gude buckskin,  
Wi' a' the hair aboon."

The goat-skin or deer-skin pantaloons, with the hair outermost, would equip one wild figure well enough, who might be supposed a Border outlaw. You are quite right respecting the badges, but besides those of their masters, the soldiers usually wore St. George's or St. Andrew's cross, red and white, as national badges. The dogs of the chase, huge dun grey-hounds, might with propriety, and I think good effect, be introduced; suppose one mourning over his master, and licking his face. A slaughtered deer or two might also appear to mark the history of the fight, and the cause of quarrel.

I have often thought a fine subject for a Border painting occurs in the old ballad called the Raid of the Reidswire, where the wardens on either side having met on a day of truce, their armed followers and the various tribes mingled in a friendly manner on each side, till, from some accidental dispute, words grew high between the wardens. Mutual insult followed. The English chief addressing the Scottish,

"Rose and raxed him where he stood,  
And bid him match him with his marrows.  
Then Tynedale heard them reason rude,  
And they let fly a flight of arrows."

The two angry chieftains, especially Forster, drawing himself up in his pride and scorn, would make a good group, backed by the Tynedale men, bending and drawing their bows; on the sides you might have a group busied on their game, whom the alarm had not yet reached; another half disturbed; another, where they were mounting their horses, and taking to their weapons, with the wild character peculiar to the country.

This is, Sir, all, and I think more than you bargained for. I would strongly recommend to your friend, should he wish to continue such subjects, to visit the armouries in the Tower of London, where there are various ancient, picturesque, and curious weapons, and to fill his sketch-book with them for future use. I shall be happy to hear that these hints have been of the least service to him, or to explain myself where I may have been obscure. And I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

Edin. 8th Dec. 1811.

WALTER SCOTT.

If Douglas's face is shown, the artist should not forget the leading features of his family, which were an open high forehead, a long face, with a very dark complexion.



From the Monthly Magazine.

## LEIGH HUNT'S POETICAL WORKS.

The collection of Mr Hunt's poetical works is to those who love poetry for itself, or study its elements as an art, one of the most fortunate of literary events. We shall not now enter into the particulars of the author's life, or arraign that bitterness of critical persecution with which at one time he was assailed. Fortunately he has arrived at that epoch which sooner or later consoles the man of genius for the harassment and the hostilities which attend his earlier career,—that golden time when animosity slackens in its wrath, and enemies insensibly mellow into friends. There is something to all generous minds (and generosity is more common among literary men than justice) sacred in the very thought of misfortune—and we accordingly find even many who were the former assailants of Mr Hunt's poetical fame, converted at once into its supporters—and merging all harsher recollections in their fellowship with letters, and their sympathy with affliction. In his own touching and beautiful thought, they have fought in the lists with the strong man, but they are foremost to bind up his wounds in the suspension of the contest. Far be it from us therefore to recall hostilities so nobly atoned for—he they buried forever in this *Urn*, which is the best and most enduring monument to the memory of a poet whom the world will not willingly let die. One of the most beautiful passages in the eventful histories of genius may be gleaned from the perusal of the mere names attached as testimonials of approbation to this book. Men of all sects in literature—all opinions in politics—are here assembled together in one kindly and fraternal act—and a homage to the common spirit of poetry, has given rise to one of the most lovely effects of the genius of christianity. "Adversity doth best discover virtue," not in ourselves only, but in others—not in the kindness of friends, but the conversion of foes. And the world from time to time exhibits a certain nobleness which keeps alive in us our aspirations for mankind.

Mr Hunt's "*Feast of the Poets*," and the "*Descent of Liberty*," a masque, were published in the years 1814 and 1815, and are dated from Surrey gaol. They show, at least, that imprisonment had not damped the ardor of his mind, and that, amidst every disadvantage, he could write poetry of sufficient beauty and power to entitle him to a niche among his contemporaries. The next year the public were surprised and delighted at the appearance of the story of "*Rimini*."—This poem is now before us in a revised and corrected shape. It is a tale of impulse and power from the beginning to the end, discovering at the same time a delightful play of fancy. It perpetually reminds us of the old Italian poetry, and yet more of the muscular freedom and nerve of Dryden; now and then its revelations open to us a depth and delicacy of feeling, which prove how nobly the author is endowed with all the higher qualifications of his art. We scarcely dare commence the pleasurable task of quotation, for in gratifying ourselves we should greatly trespass the bounds allotted to this department of our work. The very first page comes upon us with all the fresh and fragrant loveliness of a clear spring morning. We extract it.

"The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,  
Round old Ravenna's clear shown towers and bay,  
A morn the loveliest which the year has seen,  
Last of the spring—yet fresh with all its green,  
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night  
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light.  
And there's a crystal clearness all about,  
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out.  
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze,  
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees.  
And when you listen, you may hear a coil  
Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil,  
And all the scene in short—sky, earth, and sea,  
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly."

What beautiful description!—at once so natural and so full of poetry!—so rich, yet so homely!

The description of Evening is scarcely inferior; and throughout the poem Nature appears as in her prime, playing at will her virgin fancies. The poet must have felt all the beauty he so exquisitely describes; but the human interest of the poem is its mightiest charm. We need not inform our readers that the tale develops the gradual progress and final accomplishment of criminal passion, a mutual passion of wife and brother-in-law, under circumstances which exhibit the principal actors and sufferers in the tragedy rather as the victims of others' vices than of their own depravity. We know not how it was possible for Francesca, even had she been pure as Eve in innocence, not to have been captivated by the youthful Paolo, whom she was first taught to regard as her intended husband, and whom she no sooner saw than loved, especially when the character of the real husband is viewed in contrast with that of his brother. We are far, however, from palliating the guilt by which her unsuspecting nature was ensnared,—which was so signally punished by the natural course of events, and which, we think, affords a most impressive moral to the story—a moral the more true to Nature, and the more worthy of her, because it is not inculcated by the poet, and, as he says, was not even thought of by him. It is in this presentment of the "two brothers," that Mr Hunt puts forth his best powers of description and dis-

crimination. As the interest of the tale increases, we are brought to sympathize with the heart-breaking anguish of the once innocent and happy daughter of Ravenna's lord. If there be any who doubt whether poetical justice has been inflicted upon the culprit, let them read and ponder well the following exquisite passage. It is not indeed in the Don Giovanni style of retribution; but the heart that it does not move must be cold as marble:—

But she, the gentler frame,—the shaken flower,  
Plucked up to wither in a foreign bower,—  
The struggling, virtue-loving, fallen she,  
The wife that was, the mother that might be,—  
What could she do, unable thus to keep  
Her strength alive, but sit and think and weep?  
For ever stooping o'er her broodery frame,  
Half blind, and longing till the night-time came;  
When, worn and wearied out with the day's sorrow,  
She might be still and senseless till the morrow.  
And oh, the morrow, how it used to rise!  
How would she open her despairing eyes,  
And from the sense of the long-lingering day,  
Rushing upon her, almost turn away,  
Loathing the light, and groan to sleep again!  
Then sighing, once for all, to meet the pain,  
She would get up in haste, and try to pass  
The time in patience, wretched as it was;  
Till patience' self, in her distempered sight,  
Would seem a charm to which she had no right;  
And trembling at the lip, and pale with fears,  
She shook her head, and burst into fresh tears.  
Old comforts now were not at her command;  
The falcon reached in vain from off his stand;  
The flowers were not refreshed; the very light,  
The sunshine, seemed as if it shone at night:  
The least noise smote her like a sudden wound—  
And did she hear but the remotest sound  
Of song or instrument about the place,  
She hid with both her hands her streaming face.  
But worse to her than all (and oh! thought she,  
That ever, ever such a worse could be!)  
The sight of infant was, or child at play!  
Then would she turn, and move her lips, and pray  
That heaven would take her, if it pleased, away."

Her death must close the extract—

"Her favorite lady, then, with the old nurse  
Returned, and fearing she must now be worse,  
Gently withdrew the curtains, and looked in:—  
O, who that feels one godlike spark within,  
Shall say that earthly suffering cancels not frail sin?  
There lay she, praying, upwardly intent,  
Like a fair statue on a monument;  
With her two trembling hands together prest,  
Palm against palm, and pointing from her breast.  
She ceased, and turning slowly towards the wall,  
They saw her tremble sharply, feet and all,—  
Then suddenly be still. Near and more near  
They bent with pale inquiry and close ear:—  
Her eyes were shut—no motion—not a breath—  
The gentle sufferer was at peace in death."

The reader will perceive in these extracts how different the verse of Mr Hunt is from that of his imitators—how fresh—how clear—how vigorous. There is this characteristic of his style which is common also to the Tales of Dryden; verses, that from their homeliness and familiarity seem bad if you open the page suddenly upon them—appear well-placed and felicitous when read in connexion with the rest. The seeming want of art in Mr Hunt often the highest proof of it, for he, more than most poets, not only of the present day but of our English tongue, consults the whole rather than its parts; and is free from that passion for meretricious and fragmentary ornament which makes the generality of modern poems at once tawdry and unreadable.

If poetry be a quick perception of the beautiful, and a rich power to embody it, we know not any pages that we have lately read where it is to be met with in so glowing an abundance as in those before us. There seems to be in the poet's mind an exquisite persuasion of the better nature of mankind, and the undying harmonies of the world;—his attachment to liberty is enthusiasm, not acerbity,—and seems rather born from his love of mankind than his hatred against their rulers. That "*wide-bosomed Love*" which Parmenides and Hesiod tell us was created before all things—before the night and the day—produces in the various world of his poetry all its shadows and its lights,—it is "its first great cause."

You may apply to the coloring of his genius the sweet and most musical lines with which he has described a summer's evening.

"Warm, but not dim, a glow is in the air,  
The softened breeze comes smoothing here and there;  
And every tree, in passing, one by one,  
Gleams out with twinkles of the golden Sun."

In the poem of "*Hero and Leander*" we seem to recognize Dryden himself,—but Dryden with a sentiment, a delicacy, not his own. It is in the heroic metre that the mechanical art of our poet is chiefly visible. He comprehends its music entirely: he gives to it its natural and healthful vig-

or; and the note of his manly rhyme rings on the ear—  
"Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."

His use of the triplet, if frequent, is almost always singularly felicitous. Let us take the following lines in the "*Hero and Leander*" as an example:—

"Meantime the sun had sunk; the hilly mark  
Across the straits mixed with the mightier dark,  
And night came on. All noises by degrees  
Were hushed,—the fisher's call, the birds, the trees; }  
All but the washing of this eternal seas."

His power of uniting in one line simplicity and force is very remarkable, as in the following:

"Hero looked out, and, trembling, augured ill,  
The Darkness held its breath so very still."

And in the strong homeliness of the image below,—

"So might they now have lived, and so have died;  
The story's heart to me still beats against its side."

The volume before us contains some translations, which are not easily rivalled in the language. The tone of the original is transfused into the verse even more than the thought is; and the poems, which, while original in themselves, emulate the Greek spirit of verse, (such as the *Ephydriads*), are bathed in all the lustrous and classic beauty that cling to the most lovely and the most neglected of the Mythological creations. Nor are the domestic and household feelings less beautifully painted than the graceful and starred images of remote Antiquity. What goes more subduing to the heart than the author's poem to his sick child? The last stanza has something in it that belongs to that part of tenderness which borders on the sublime:—

"Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!  
This silence, too, the while;—  
Its very hush and creeping  
Seems whispering us a smile;  
Something divine and dim  
Seems going by one's ear,  
Like parted wings of Cherubim,  
Who say—'We've finished here!'"

From the poems that enrich this volume we go back to its preface—an elaborate and skilful composition, full of beauties of expression, and opening a thousand original views into the science of Criticism. We recommend it as a work to be studied by all who write, and all who (a humbler, yet more laborious task) have to judge of verse. In Criticism, indeed, few living writers have equalled those subtle and delicate compositions which have appeared in the "*Indicator*," the "*Tattler*," and the earlier pages of the "*Examiner*." And, above all, none have excelled the poet now before our own critical bar in the kindly sympathies with which, in judging of others he has softened down the asperities, and resisted the caprices, common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancour ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, have gained access to his true heart, or embittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes, and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate upon rising authors the difficulty and the depreciation which have burthened his own career; he has kept, undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart.

Those who have never read Mr Hunt's poetry, we beseech, for their own sakes, now to read it. How many false impressions, conveyed by reviewers, of its peculiar characteristics, will be dispelled by one unprejudiced perusal! To those who have read it, we can only hold forth our own example. Attached, when we first chanced on his poems years ago, to other models, and imbued, perhaps, by the critical canons then in vogue, we were blind to many of the peculiar beauties that now strike upon our judgment. At certain times there are certain fashions in literature that bias alike reader and reviewer; and not to be in the fashion is not to be admired. But these—the conventional and temporary laws—pass away, and leave us at last only open to the permanent laws of Nature and of Truth. The taste of one age often wrongs us, but the judgment of the next age corrects the verdict. Something in the atmosphere dulls for a day the electricity between the true poet and the universal ear; but the appeal is recognized at last!

## MOURNING.

In Europe, *black* is generally used because it represents darkness, unto which death is like, as it is a privation of life. In China, *white* is used, because they hope the dead are in heaven, the place of purity. In Egypt *yellow* is used, because it represents the decaying of trees and flowers, which become yellow as they die away. In Ethiopia, *brown* is used, because it denotes the color of the earth from whence we came, and to which we return. In some parts of Turkey *blue* is used because it represents the sky, where they hope the dead are gone; but in other parts *purple* and *violet*, because being a mixture of black and blue, it represents, as it were sorrow on the one side and hope on the other.

"Earlier, because Mr Leigh Hunt has now no connexion, we believe, with the "*Examiner*." Among the few who have equalled him in critical acumen, but of a very different species, is his successor in that admirable journal.



From the Monthly Magazine.

## IBRAHIM PACHA, THE CONQUERER OF SYRIA.

While Europe rings with the history of civil change, we have only to cast our eyes to another quarter of the globe, to witness the progress of events equally mighty, though by means less new. Ibrahim Pacha has conquered all Syria, and is marching unresisted through the peninsula of Asia. By the last advices the city of Konieh, within two hundred and fifty miles of the famous capital of the Turkish empire, had opened its gates to him, and Europe is prepared for what a year ago would have been considered the incredible event of the Egyptians marching triumphant into Constantinople. Nearly a century has passed since the rise of the Wahabees in Arabia threatened the destruction of the Mahomedan faith. These bold, perhaps philosophic, votaries of a sublime creed, declared for the unity of the Godhead, and against the authenticity of the prophet. They plundered the grand caravan of Mecca—they captured the pious Hadgees—they defeated the lieutenants of the Sultan, who endeavored to vindicate the united interests of Religion and Commerce. For a long period the authority of the Sultan was dormant in Arabia and Syria; Egypt was threatened, and the treasury of Stamboul shrank under the influence of the victorious heretics. At length this same Ibrahim son of the Egyptian Viceroy, offered his services to resist the torrent. At the head of an irregular force he penetrated into the midst of Arabia, delivered the holy cities, defeated the Wahabees even in their own country, and finally, after having granted peace on the most severe terms, carried their princes as hostages to Cairo. For these services Ibrahim was made Pacha of Mecca and Medina—an appointment which, in the Ottoman empire, gives him precedence before all other pachas, even his own father.

After the conquest of the Wahabees, Ibrahim commenced the formation in Egypt of a regular army, disciplined in the European manner; and by engaging the most skilful naval architects from Toulon, laid the foundation of the present very considerable naval force of Egypt. Utterly discomfited in Greece, the Sultan at length applied for assistance to his Egyptian vassal. Immediately, the young Pacha poured into the Morea at the head of his army, and supported by a powerful fleet; and such was the progress, that nothing but the famous Treaty of London, and its consequence,—the battle of Navarino,—could have prevented Greece from becoming a Moslem province. We have been assured, however, by the highest authority, that it was not the intention of Ibrahim to have restored the Morea to the Sultan. The overthrow of the Egyptians by the Allied Powers only stimulated the exertions of Ibrahim on his return to his country. In the confusion of the Porte, he appropriated to himself both Candia and Cyprus, the finest islands of the Mediterranean. In the autumn of 1831, the Egyptian army consisted of ninety thousand disciplined infantry, perhaps not inferior to the Sepoys, and ten thousand cavalry. All the world who knew any thing about Egypt, ridiculed the unthrifty vanity of the Pacha, and laughed at the ludicrous disproportion between such a military force and the population and resources of Egypt. By the autumn of 1832, however, Ibrahim has conquered all Syria, and almost the whole of Asia Minor, and is nearer Constantinople than the Russians. Ibrahim Pacha, therefore is a great man. He is the great conqueror of his age.

He is without doubt a man of remarkable talents. His mind is alike subtle and energetic. He is totally free from prejudice, adopts your ideas with silent rapidity, and his career demonstrates his military genius. His ambition is unbounded; his admiration of European institutions and civilization great; but he avoids, with dexterity, shocking the feelings and prejudices of the Moslems. A mystery hangs over his birth—he is said to be only an adopted son of the present Pacha of Egypt, but this is doubtful; at any rate, the utmost confidence prevails between Ibrahim and his professed father. The Pacha of the Holy Cities is a great voluptuary; his indulgence, indeed, in every species of sensuality is unbounded. Although scarcely in the prime of life, his gross and immense bulk promises but a short term of existence, and indicates a man sinking under overwhelming disease, and incapable of exertion. His habits are sumptuous; he delights in magnificent palaces and fanciful gardens, and is curious in the number and beauty of his Circassians; but his manners are perfectly European. He is constantly in public, and courts the conversation of all ingenious strangers. His chief counsellor is Osman Bey, a renegade Frenchman, and an able man. Less than twenty years ago, Ibrahim Pacha passed his days in sitting at a window of his palace with a German rifle, and firing at the bloated skins borne on the backs of the water-carriers as they returned from the Nile. As Ibrahim is an admirable marksman, the usual effect of his exertions was in general only to deprive the poor water-carriers of the fruits of their daily labor: sometimes, however, his bullet brought blood, instead of the more innocent liquid—but Egypt was then a despotic country. It is not so now. It is not known among us, that the old Pacha of Egypt and his son, in their rage for European institutions, have actually presented their subjects with "The Two Chambers," called in the language of the Levant the "*Alto Parlamento*," and "*Basso Parlamento*." These assemblies meet at Cairo; and have been formed by the governor of every town sending up to the capital, by the order of the Pacha, two good and dis-

creet men to assist in the administration of affairs. The members of the "*Alto Parlamento*" have the power of discussing all measures; but those of the "*Basso Parlamento*" are permitted only to petition. Their highnesses pay very little practical attention to the debaters or the petitioners, but always treat them with great courtesy. Yet they are very proud, (especially the elder Pacha,) of the institutions; and the writer of this article has heard Mehemet Ali more than once boast that "he has as many Parliaments as the King of England." In the meanwhile, these extraordinary events have wrought singular revolutions in manners—we have for the first time a Turkish Ambassador in England.

MARCO POLO, JUNIOR.

## The Fine Arts.

## SPLENDID ANCIENT MOSAIC.

Among the remains of Roman art which have been brought to light during the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii, few have attracted more general attention, than the specimens of ancient Mosaic. A very considerable number of these, of a small size, have been obtained in a perfect state: but those which were originally of large dimensions, have in almost every instance been found more or less shattered and mutilated. Some idea of the vast amount of labor which must have been bestowed upon these works, may be formed from the following description of one of the largest and best which have yet been discovered. It was found among the ruins of Pompeii, and the subject which it is supposed to represent, gives to the scholar an additional interest in the description, which was originally condensed from a Letter from Naples, published in the London Literary Gazette.

"Immediately on the discovery of this *chef d'œuvre*, our archaeologists proposed two different hypotheses for an explanation of the subject represented in this picture. Signor Aditti, the director of the royal museum, supposes it to be a combat of the Greeks with the Trojans, and the one in which Sarpedon fell. Avellino and Quaranta, both professors of the museum, are, on the other hand, of opinion that it represents one of the battles between Alexander and the Persians: but they so far differ, that the former considers it to be the battle of the Granicus, the latter that of Issus.

The principal figure is a warrior on horseback, with a flowing robe, the head of Medusa on his breast-armor, and a sword suspended from his belt. Both his arms are encircled with lightning; his head is uncovered; and he appears to have just hurled a lance, which has penetrated the body of a youth, who also seems to have been mounted; but the horse, which has been struck by another lance, falls down bleeding, while the dying hero sinks with a convulsive movement, and an expression of agony, which is beyond description striking. The opinion of those who consider the enemies to be Persians, is favored by the covering of his head, which conceals his ears and chin, and by his wearing ear-rings and a necklace. Between the victor and the vanquished, are two figures, one with a helmet, the other with his head uncovered and wounded. On the other side are many warriors, with the same head-dress and ear-rings, in disorderly flight. One of them leads a horse by the bridle, which is seen from behind rearing, admirably foreshortened. Another conspicuous figure, with a bow in his hand, wearing a tiara, and clothed in a chlamys, stands in a magnificent quadriga, the horses of which are urged on by the driver with much spirit.

Unhappily this mosaic is not entirely preserved: a portion of the body of the principal figure, that of the victorious horseman, as well as of the horse, is wanting. The costume, the ornaments, and the armor of the fugitives, all seem to indicate that they are Persian. If this point is once decided, no doubt can remain that the brilliant warrior is Alexander, particularly as he is armed with the thunderbolt, as it is well known that Apelles so represented him.

The mosaic is twenty palms broad and ten high: the figures are more than half the size of life. The whole composition is wonderfully animated; the perfection and delicacy of the drawing, (the more admirable in a mosaic,) the truth of the expression which characterizes all the figures, make this work one of the finest monuments of Pompeii. It is much to be regretted that this beautiful *chef-d'œuvre* is not in perfect preservation; but even in its present state, it is a treasure quite unique in its kind.

Professor Zahn was also one of the first who declared this mosaic (which contains above twenty figures almost the size of life) to be a representation of a battle of Alexander with the Persians. He is of opinion that it is the production of the first Greek artists, in the most flourishing period of the arts; and that already at the time of its removal to Pompeii, it might be regarded as antique: for it is well known that the mosaics composed of pieces of marble are of the earlier ages, and that subsequently they were composed of paste; and, secondly, (and this justifies the bold conjecture of its removal hither,) it appears that this work was already injured by the lapse of time, when it was removed, perhaps from Greece, in the condition in which it now is, to the place

where it was discovered, respecting which the "antique restoration" scarcely leaves a doubt. By this you are not to understand a proper restoration, on which the artists of that time, deterred, perhaps, by the excellency of the work, were afraid to venture; but the defective piece is merely filled up with plaster of Paris, to make the whole one level floor, and keep the parts together.

I will add some particulars likewise communicated to me by Professor Zahn, respecting the house named after Goethe. Resembling, in its admirable internal arrangements, the house of Pansa, it may be ranked, on account of its perfect architecture, among the finest in Pompeii—besides it being the only one in which such treasures of art in bronze and mosaic have been found. Already, on the 15th October, 1830, there was found a mosaic, with two colossal masks; and on the 27th, in the *impluvium*, a dancing faun three feet high, belonging to the most beautiful specimens of bronze figures; and on the 10th of December last year, a mosaic, representing a winged Bacchus riding on a panther, which, till this new discovery, was considered the finest of this kind of work of art; besides a great variety of vases, rings, ornaments, coins, &c."

## TOMB OF SHAH JEHAN.

The following description of one of the most splendid works of art in Hindoostan, is extracted from a "Picturesque Tour up the Jumna and the Ganges, and through various parts of India," by Lieutenant Colonel Forrest; a work which in this country is extremely rare:

"The object which now calls our attention is the last in order, but of the highest beauty and interest of any structure yet raised and perfected by man in any region of the earth. It is only a tomb, it is true, and contains the mouldering remains of what was noble, powerful, and beautiful; all these have passed away; but their names, their fame, their deeds remain; and these works promise to hand down to distant ages their well-earned renown.

This tomb, the mausoleum of the emperor, Shah Jehan and his favorite queen, Moomtaz ul Zemani, (or Wonder of the Age,) still exists, and in all its pristine beauty and perfection. Time, with his efforts for a period of two hundred years, has as yet scarcely cast one sully on its pure and lovely mass.

The first approach to this wonderful work by no means gives an idea of the splendid scene which is to be encountered; the road is impeded and the eye bewildered by the ruins of old brick and stone buildings, said to have once been a *serai*, or place for the accommodation of travellers, or more probably pilgrims who came to visit the monument.

The main gateway is seen after passing these ruins; it faces nearly south, and is constructed with the red stone, but ornamented in panels of rich Mosaic in various parts. It is a massive and lofty pile, and has apartments in its upper part, which can be ascended by a staircase, and from whence is a fine view of the tomb. This building is an octagon, and after passing under its grand portal, a scene bursts at once upon the eye, which dazzles the senses, and wraps every other feeling in that of astonishment. The Taj appears embosomed in a mass of foliage of a deep green at the further extremity of a large and handsome garden, with its lofty and elegant minarets, and its dome of extreme beauty and airy lightness; the whole of the purest white marble, richly inlaid in patterns of the semiprecious stones, as cornelian, jasper, onyx, and a variety of others of all hues.

A noble causeway of stone, raised considerably above the level of the garden, leads up to the main building, in the centre of which is a range of fountains, fifty in number; and midway a large basin, in which five other *jets-d'eau* of much greater height are thrown up.

The garden is filled with trees of almost every kind common to India; some bearing fruits, others perfuming the air with the odoriferous scents of their blossoms.

The Taj stands on two terraces; the lower and largest of an oblong shape, is composed wholly of red stone; this is ascended by a flight of steps, and on reaching the summit, a large mosque is perceived at each end of it, which in any other situation than so close to their lovely companion, would be considered as noble and splendid edifices. These may be ascended, and from their upper apartments command good views of the main building.

To the second or upper terrace, which has a height of about fifteen feet, you ascend by a flight of white marble steps; of these the upper slab, or landing place, is one piece of pure white marble, nine feet square. This upper terrace is floored with a chequered pavement of white and red. Upon this stands the tomb, surrounded by a marble balustrade; at each angle of which rises a graceful minaret of three stories, in sweet proportions. At each story is a door, which opens on a balustraded balcony surrounding it. That summit is finished by a light pavilion, with a small golden ornament on its top.

All that now presents itself to the eye of the spectator is pure, unsullied, white marble, variously ornamented. The entrance to the building is on the side opposite to the grand gateway. It is a lofty portico, with an arch partaking of the form of the gothic order, but differing in its proportions.



Round the upper part of this are inscriptions in Arabic, done in black marble on the white ground.

Previous to viewing the grand chamber, where the cenotaphs of the emperor and his queen are placed, it is usual to descend by a trap-door, situated in the entrance, into a gradually sloping passage, which conducts to the graves of the royal dead. The vault is lined with marble, and the pavement is of the same material. In the centre is the grave of the queen, for whom this mausoleum was solely intended; and the emperor's design was to have erected a similar edifice on the opposite bank of the Jumna, which river washes the foot of the Taj Mahal, and has a breadth of five or six hundred yards. The magnificent monarch did not mean to rest here; he meditated the joining of the two mausoleums by a marble bridge, ornamented in the same splendid manner. Civil wars, caused by the rebellion of his four sons, suspended and finally put an end to these magnificent projects; and after a variety of sufferings, this unfortunate prince died in his prison, in the fort of Agra, where he was held captive for seven years, by his son Aurungzebe, then reigning emperor of Hindoostan.

Returning to the light of day, we entered the centre chamber. Description must here fail, nor can imagination figure any thing so solemnly grand, so stilly beautiful, as the scene thus suddenly presented to the view. Every tongue is mute, every sense lost in admiration. There are no gaudy, glaring decorations to arrest the vulgar eye; no glittering gold or silver to mark the riches of India's monarch. There is an awe, a feeling of deep reverence for the sacred spot on which we tread; an involuntary pause, a breathless suspension, and a recollection of, and recurrence to, events long passed, which this scene conjures up in the breasts of all who witness it for the first time.

Imagine a vaulted dome, of considerable height, of the most elegant and light Gothic architecture, all composed of the finest and the whitest marble; its form octagonal. In the centre stands a screen of the same, wrought into the most lovely patterns in fret work, showing a freedom of design and extreme minuteness of execution, unequalled in this or perhaps any other country. The form of this screen corresponds with that of the apartment, an octagon with four larger and four lesser faces. At each angle are two pillars on which the most beautiful running patterns of various flowers, true to nature, rise from the base of this screen, while a broad and rich border of the same surrounds the upper part. There are two arched doorways in this screen, opposite to each other, and over the top of which is a rich pattern of a stone perfectly resembling the purest matt gold. An entablature of the richest pattern surrounds the upper part of the screen; and in a border of pomegranate flowers, which runs the whole length of it, every full-blown flower contains no less than sixty one pieces of various colored stones according to the different shades required, and so joined that with a pen-knife no seam can be distinguished. Within this screen are the two cenotaphs, on which the sculptor and Mosaic artist have lavished all their skill. These are blocks of marble, and apparently one stone, ten feet in length by six broad. Below and above these are larger, slabs, forming the pediment and cornice. A rich and large pattern is on the four faces of the cenotaphs, the two differing from each other; and the upper tablet on the queen's tomb has a cluster of flowers, arranged in the most elegant and free style of design; while that of the emperor is surrounded by the *kul-tum-dawn*, the distinguishing sign for a man, the woman not having this ornament. This screen had gates of silver in open filigree work, which were carried off by some of the invaders of India. This tomb is not altogether the work or design of artists of Hindoostan. I have seen a list of the names of all the master masons, sculptors, and artisans; the greater part are from Persia, Cabul, and some ever from Constantinople, or Turkey, called by the Indians *Roum*.

Some traces of similar inlaying and Mosaic are met with at Delhi and in the palace at Agra; but the art is now lost, if it ever existed, among the Hindoostans; and this tends to confirm the idea that it was the work of foreign artists.

The main part of this splendid edifice has fortunately been respected by all the invaders of Hindoostan, its great beauty being probably its protection. It is as pure and perfect as the day it was finished; and with common care, in the equal climate in which it is situated, it may last for centuries.

**DAVID, THE PAINTER.**—James Louis David, who was for more than thirty years at the head of the French school of Painters, was not more celebrated for his skill as an artist, than for his violence, and even ferocity, as a politician. He was a member of the Committee of public safety, under "the reign of terror," and being the bosom friend of Robespierre and Marat, had his full share in the cruelties which disgraced that period of the revolution. Many stories are told of his delight in witnessing suffering and bloodshed. The subjects which he has chosen as a painter, bear some relation to his general character. The assassination of Lepelletin, who is stretched on his couch, writhing in his last agonies; the death of Marat, from whose wound the blood is gushing with a freshness and strength which even the Parisians in 1794, pronounced to be horrible; the death of Socrates; and

other pictures of the like character, prove with what coolness and accuracy he had contemplated the scenes of blood which surrounded him. In the revolutions of the French government, he frequently owed his safety to his reputation as an artist. He was a favorite of Bonaparte, whose picture he frequently drew; but, after the restoration of the Bourbons he lived in exile and disgrace.

**MINIATURES.**—The monks who practised this style of art in illuminating missals and other manuscripts were called *illuminatores* and also *miniatores*,—from the quantity of *minium* used by them, red being a predominant color in their compositions. Hence, according to some, the origin of the term miniature; but, perhaps, ninety-nine persons in a hundred would be content with the more obvious derivation and meaning assigned to it by Shakspeare—a *minute picture*; a "portrait in little."

#### ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

A very imposing ceremony is annually performed at Rome, on the eighteenth of January, called the "Feast of St. Peter's Chair." It is one of the few spectacles of a similar nature which are exhibited in the great cathedral of St. Peter's. Lady Morgan has given the following brief but striking description of the scene; and relates a curious fact respecting the subject of this gorgeous ceremony:

"The splendidly dressed troops that line the nave of the cathedral, the variety and richness of vestments which clothe the various church and lay dignitaries, abbots, priests, canons, prelates, cardinals, doctors, dragoons, senators, and grenadiers, which march in procession, complete, as they proceed up the vast space of this wondrous temple, a spectacle nowhere to be equalled within the pale of European civilization. In the midst of swords and crossiers, of halberds and crucifixes, surrounded by banners, and bending under the glittering tiara of threefold power, appears the aged, feeble, and worn-out pope, borne aloft on men's shoulders, in a chair of crimson and gold, and environed by slaves, (for such they look,) who waft, from plumes of ostrich feathers mounted on ivory wands, a cooling gale, to refresh his exhausted frame, too frail for the weight of such honors. All fall prostrate, as he passes up the church to a small choir and throne, temporarily erected beneath the chair of St. Peter. A solemn service is then performed, hosannas arise, and royal votarists and diplomatic devotees parade the church, with guards of honor and running footmen, while English gentlemen and ladies mob and scramble, and crowd and bribe, and fight their way to the best place they can obtain.

"At the extremity of the great nave behind the altar, and mounted upon a tribune designed or ornamented by Michael Angelo, stands a sort of throne, composed of precious materials, and supported by four gigantic figures. A glory of seraphim, with groups of angels, sheds a brilliant light upon its splendors. This throne enshrines the real, plain, worm-eaten, wooden chair, on which St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, is said to have pontificated; more precious than all the bronze, gold, and gems, with which it is hidden not only from impious, but from holy eyes, and which once only, in the flight of ages, was profaned by mortal inspection.

"The sacrilegious curiosity of the French broke through all obstacles to their seeing the chair of St. Peter. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. Upon its mouldering and dusty surface were traced carvings, which bore the appearance of letters. The chair was quickly brought into a better light, the dust and cobwebs removed, and the inscription (for an inscription it was) faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well-known confession of Mahometan faith,—"*There is but one God, and MAHOMET is his prophet!*" It is supposed that this chair had been, among the spoils of the crusaders, offered to the church, at a time when a taste for antiquarian lore, and the deciphering of inscriptions, were not yet in fashion. This story has been since hushed up, the chair replaced, and none but the unhalloved remember the fact, and none but the audacious repeat it. Yet such there are, even at Rome!"

**APPROACHING GOLDEN AGE.**—Yes, steam is the great pledge of what we are, and what we shall be, and the earnest of all our brightest dreams being fulfilled. Who, twenty years ago, could have surmised that we might be expedited, in the *annus mirabilis* now elapsing, from Iron-gate Wharf to Calais, by means of a cauldron of boiling water? What is the sailing of a witch through the air in a sieve, or winds tied up in bags by Lapland conjurers, to this? Who is ignorant that one piece of Mr Perkins' steam artillery would destroy, in one hour, more men than were assembled in the plains of Waterloo, and that some dozens of them would be sufficient, in one day, to depopulate the globe? Who again can be ignorant of the *Steam Washing Company*, and the interesting squabbles which have resulted from an indelicate collision of male and female nightcaps? It is but lately that we had the pleasure of observing an advertisement of Lieutenant Johnson, undertaking to convey any of his Majesty's liege subjects by steam to India, in five-and-twenty days; and we have no doubt that in time, by means of the same

process, that they may be able to pay a bathing visit to the Ganges, stopping to lunch with Mahommed Pacha by the way, and be safely returned either to Tooley-street or Bond-street, as it may happen, in the short course of one eventful week. Have we not steam mail-coaches about to start for Liverpool and Manchester; and why should we doubt the possibility of having aerial mail-coaches, buoyed up by gas, and directed by steam? Indeed, the every-day phenomena which one meets with in the street, and which scarcely attract our notice, are proofs of the perfectibility of man.—Even in the economy of our toilet, the line of our progress towards perfection is, to use a "*lady's phrase*" much in vogue, "very pronounced." We have glass eyes, cork legs, and most excellent noses, supplied upon the shortest notice, and the most reasonable terms; indestructible teeth, stays for man or woman "to remedy any deformity," and oil of Macassar to make the hair grow in bald places, just as dew operates upon a barren soil. The very genius of commerce is becoming classical and learned. Eye, ear and corn curers, are respectively ophthalmists, aurists, and chiropodists. We have barbers' oils called *Kalydor*, and an immodest book, *Kallygonomia*. Our streets are filled with Panoramas, Cosmoramas, Dioramas, Eidouranions, Panharmonicons, and Hep-taplasiesoptons. A gardening summary is an *abotation*; and a boy's school, where the master is ignorant of English, a classical seminary; a girl's school is a finishing establishment. How admirably adapted are these said establishments for the purpose of universal improvement on the part of future mothers and their offspring! The young ladies are taught a little smattering of French; a little smattering of Italian; to waltz, to draw a little, and to strum on the piano a little. The morals are not thought of, but then the dentist comes regularly. If they do not learn to speak the vulgar tongue, they speak fine English; they "*perambulate*," they do not walk; they "*compose poetry*," they "*dishabille*," which means that when their relations call, they find them squalid and indolent. Who, on looking at these nurseries of future men, can doubt that the reign of perfectibility is on the very threshold? What an immense progress in the diffusion of that heaven-born sentiment, philanthropy, may be every day remarked in the advertisements of newspapers! Nothing can exceed the instances of pure generosity which they exhibit. What noble disinterestedness in the assistance of every kind offered to those in want! What praiseworthy hospitality in the lodging keepers! What splendid liberality in the offers of money lenders! What disregard of self in the retail tradesman, who offers his goods 50 per cent, under prime cost! Who, while reading these things, can doubt that the wolf has already begun his future operation of dandling the kid, and that the lion and the lamb are lying down together! In short, it is quite evident, that there is little or no vice left either in man or horse. —ENGLISH PAPER

**COMPENSATING PENDULUMS.**—M. Henry Robert, pupil of Breguet, has, by availing himself of the well-known quality possessed by the wood of the fir-tree of preserving its length unaltered in all changes of temperature, and confining a rod of this wood in a metal-box, the expansion of the box correcting that of the tube, succeeded perfectly in making a pendulum, uniting all the requisites of a good compensator, and at the same time simple in its construction and form.

**COMPOSITION OF THE SILVER BELL AT ROUEN.**—M. Girardin, professor of chemistry, has, by a careful analysis, ascertained that it does not contain any silver. One hundred parts by weight contain—

Copper	71
Brass	26
Zinc	130
Iron	130
	100

Modern French bells differ little from the above, being composed of—

Copper	78
Brass	22
	100

Thus, the prejudice which has long existed, that the old church-bells, contained a smaller or larger portion of silver, is destroyed by the efforts of science.

**SOUL.**—The first philosophers, whether Chaldeans or Egyptians, said—There must be something within us which produces our thoughts; that something must be very subtle; it is a breath; it is fire; it is ether; it is a quintessence; it is a slender likeness; it is an intellectus; it is a number; it is harmony; lastly, according to the divine Plato, it is a compound of the *same* and the *other*! It is atoms which think in us, said Epidurus, after Democritus. But, my friend, how does an atom think? Acknowledge that thou knowest nothing of the matter.—VOLTAIRE.

In the works of the great poets, we feel "how divine a thing a woman may be made" by nature; in those of the small, we see how terrestrial a thing she may be made by art.



## Miscellaneous Selections.

## EVENINGS IN GREECE.

The following elegant version of a mythological story, is extracted from a second volume of Mr Moore's *Evenings in Greece*,—a work abounding in graceful and fanciful descriptions:

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,  
Who should he see, at that soft hour,  
But young Minerva, gravely playing  
Her flute, within an olive bow.  
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion  
That, grave or merry, good or ill  
The sex bow all to his dominion,  
As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath given  
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,  
So handsome Pallas look'd, that even,  
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.  
Besides, a youth of his discerning  
Knew well that, by a shady rill,  
At sunset hour—what'er her learning—  
A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms ecstatic,  
Wishing it dumb—nor car'd how soon—  
For Wisdom's notes, how'er chromatic,  
To love seem always out of time.  
But long as he found face to flatter,  
The nymph found breath to shake and thrill;  
As, weak or wise—it doth not matter—  
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love chang'd his plan, with warmth exclaiming  
"How brilliant was her lips' soft dye!"  
And much that flute, the sly rogue blaming,  
For twisting lips so sweet, away.  
The nymph look'd down—behind her features  
Reflected in the passing rill,  
And started, shriek'd—for, ah, ye creatures!  
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious.  
That graceless flute the goddess took,  
And while yet filled with breath melodious,  
Flung it into the glassy brook;  
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting  
Adown the current, faint and shrill,  
At distance long 'twas heard repeating,  
"Woman, alas, vain woman still!"

## THE NORTH POLE.

FROM KIRKE WHITE.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,  
Spreads her huge tracts and frozen wastes around;  
There ice rocks piled aloft, in order rude,  
Form a gigantic hall; where never sound  
Startled dull Silence' ear, save when, profound  
The smoke frost muttered: there drear Cold for aye  
Thrones him,—and fixed on his primeval mound,  
Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay  
Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert way.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,  
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;  
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there  
Would freeze to marble. Mingling day and night,  
(Sweet interchange which makes our labors light,)  
Are there unknown; while in the summer skies,  
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,  
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,  
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise.

## THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

Mystic trifle, whose perfection  
Lies in multiplied reflection,  
Let us from thy sparkling store  
Draw a few reflections more:  
In thy magic circle rise  
All things men so dearly prize;  
Stars, and crowns, and glitt'ring things,  
Such as grace the courts of kings;  
Beauteous figures ever twining,  
Gems with brilliant lustre shining;  
Turn the tube;—how quick they pass—  
Crowns and stars prove broken glass!

Trifle! let us from thy store  
Draw a few reflections more;  
Who could from thy outward case  
Half thy hidden beauties trace?  
Who from such exterior show  
Guess the gems within that glow?  
Emblem of the mind divine  
Cased within its mortal shrine!

Once again—the miser views  
Thy sparkling gems—thy golden hues—  
And, ignorant of thy beauty's cause,  
His own conclusions sordid draws;  
Imagines thee a casket fair  
Of gorgeous jewels rich and rare;—  
Impatient his insatiate soul  
To be the owner of the whole,  
He breaks thee ope, and views within  
Some bits of glass—a tube of tin!  
Such are riches, valued true—  
Such the illusions men pursue!

W. H. M.

## WINTER.

FROM "PORTIC VIGILS," BY BERNARD BAKTON.

The flowret's bloom is faded,  
Its glossy leaf grown sere;  
The landscape round is shaded  
By Winter's frown austere.

The dew, once sparkling lightly  
On grass of freshest green  
In heavier drops unsightly  
On matted weeds is seen.

No songs of joy, to gladden,  
From leafy woods emerge;  
But winds, in tones that sadden,  
Breathe Nature's mournful dirge.

All sights and sounds appealing,  
Through merely outward sense,  
To joyful thought and feeling,  
Seem now departed hence.

But not with such is banished  
The bliss that life can lend  
Nor with such things hath vanished  
Its truest, noblest end.

The toys that charm, and leave us,  
Are fancy's fleeting elves;  
All that should glad, or grieve us,  
Exists within ourselves.

Enjoyment's gentle essence  
Is virtue's godlike dower;  
Its most triumphant presence  
Illumes the darkest hour.

## HONORARY DEGREES.

A letter from Cairo, in a journal of January 1824, contains a whimsical exemplification of Turkish manners in the provinces, and the absurdity of attempting to honor distant authorities, by the distinctions of civil society. A diploma of honorary member of the society of Frankfort was presented to the Pacha, at the divan (or council.) The Pacha, who can neither read nor write, thought it was a *firman* (despatch) from the Porte. He was much surprised and alarmed; but the interpreter explained to him that it was written in the *Nempechee* (German) language, contained the thanks of the *ulemas* (scholars) of a German city named Frankfort, for his kindness to two *Nempechee* travelling in Egypt.

But the most difficult part was yet to come; it was to explain to him that he had been appointed a *member* of their society; and the Turkish language having no word for this purely European idea, the interpreter, after many hesitations and circumlocutions, at last succeeded in explaining "that as a mark of respect and gratitude, the society had made him one of their *partners*." At these words the eyes of the Pacha flashed with anger, and with a voice of thunder he roared that he would never again be the *partner* of any firm; that his *partnership* with Messrs Briggs and Co. in the Indian trade, cost him nearly 500,000 hard piasters; that the association for the manufactory of sugar and rum paid him nothing at all; and, in short, that he was completely tired of his connections with Frank merchants, who were indebted to him 33,000,000 of piasters, which he considered as completely lost. In his rage, he even threatened to have the interpreter drowned in the Nile, for having presumed to make offer of a mercantile connection against his positive orders.

## TITLES AND DIGNITIES.

Opinions have changed upon all things, and greatly upon titles and dignities. Who has not seen a consul appointed to reside in a fishing town? Who has not given a shilling to a marquis, a sixpence to a knight? A Roman senator was beneath the level of an English gentleman; yet not only a Roman senator, but a Roman citizen, held himself superior to foreign kings. Surely it might well be permitted our Richard to assume a rank far above any potentate of his age. If almanacs and German court-calenders are to decide on dignities, the Emperors of Morocco, of Austria, and recently of Mexico, should precede the kings of England or France: but learned men have thought otherwise. Rank, which pretends to fix the value of every one, is the most arbitrary of all things. A Roman knight, hardly the equal

of our secondary gentlemen, would have disdained to be considered as no better or more respectable than a foreign king. In our days, even an adventurer to whom a petty prince or his valet has given a pennyworth of ribbon, looks proudly and disdainfully on any one of us who has nothing more in his button-hole than his button.—LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

## SURNAME.

Surnames were first imposed for the distinction of families in which they were to continue hereditary. It is not more than eight hundred years since they were first introduced among our English ancestors. They were unknown among ancient nations, excepting the Romans, who used them after the league with the Sabines. They were called *Nomina* and *Nomina Gentilitia*, as the former were called *Prænomena*. By the French and English, they were termed *surnames*, not because they are the name of the sire, or father, but because they are superadded to Christian names.

The Hebrew nation, in reference to their tribe, used in their genealogies, instead of surnames, the name of their father with *Ben*, signifying son, as Melchi Ben-Addi, Addi Ben-Cosam, Cosam Ben-Elmadam, &c.

A similar practice prevailed among our ancient English ancestors, as Ceonred Cleolwading, Ceolwald Cuthing, Cuth Cuthwining; that is, Ceonard son of Cleolwald, Cleolwald son of Cuth, Cuth son of Cuthwin, &c. In the same sense, the Welsh Britons used *Ap* for Mab; the Irish, *Mac*, as Donald Mac-Neale, Neal Mac-Con, &c. and the Normans, *Fitz*, as John Fitz-Robert, &c.

Surnames began to be used by the French nation about the commencement of the eleventh century. In England they were introduced about the time of the conquest, [A. D. 1066] though, according to some antiquaries they were used under Edward, the Confessor, who began his reign in 1014. In Scotland, they commenced about the same time, although, in the opinion of Buchanan, they were not used in that kingdom for many years after. In England, they were introduced gradually, being first assumed by people of the "better sort," and it was not until the reign of Edward II. [A. D. 1307] that they were "settled among the common people fully." For some time, they varied according to the father's name, as Richardson, if the father were Richard, Hodgson, or Rodgerson, if the father were Rodger. From the reign of Edward, names of families began to be established, either by statute or the common consent of the nation in general.

## BARBER'S POLE.

It was an old superstition that Rome was once delivered from the plague by the god Esculapius, who, it was supposed, came there in the form of a serpent, and hid himself in the reeds on an island of the Tiber. Everafter that, Esculapius was represented with a staff, round which a serpent was wreathed; and his other hand rested on the head of a serpent. They were particularly sacred to him, not only as ancient physicians used them in their prescriptions, but because they were considered as emblems of that prudence and foresight, which are so necessary in the profession of medicine. In former times, surgeons were likewise barbers, and when a man displayed a staff with a twisted snake at his door, it was a token that he cured diseases, as well as shaved beards. Barbers are no longer physicians, but the old sign of Esculapius is still continued.

The inhabitants of Upper Egypt have a singular custom: They load a boat with hives of bees, at a time when the honey is spent, and sailing down the river in the night time, they stop in the morning at the best place they can find for the industrious animal to fly abroad to collect its wax and honey. When night dawns on, and the bees have returned to their respective hives, they continue their voyage, stopping every morning as before. And thus, perhaps, in six weeks or two months, they arrive at Cairo, with a plentiful cargo in their hives, for which they are sure of finding a good market.

LA LANDE.—This eminent astronomer, during the most perilous times of the French revolution, confined himself closely to the pursuit of his favorite science. When he was asked to what happy cause he was indebted for escaping the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely answered, "I may thank my stars for my preservation."

Brandt, in his history of Shetland, says, that in this year (1640) there were three luxuries introduced into that island, viz. soap, with which some of the Lairds had their shirts washed—pewter spoons—and coarse table cloths.

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